A Congratulatory POEM, *on his Royal Highneſs* James *Duke of* York.

Scotland has long been happy by your ſtay,
But bleſt be God at laſt your come away,
Now every Church doth eccho with the Bells
And mirth and Muſick in our City dwels.
Let the dull Scots lament we ſhall not greive,
Unleſs your Highneſs doth ſweet *England* leave.
Your abſence long as bred our diſcontent
We ow'd our grief to an ill Parliament.
But they are Scatterd to and fro we find,
And now Your Foes do prove a little kind.
York has no foes but thoſe that lurk in holes,
And undermind him Secretly like Moles,
It's true indeed, ſome whigs look ſower and dull,
And do their hats over their eyebrows pull;
Some hate your worth and others hate yout Name,
Some would Eclipſe your vertues and your fame.
And yet their actions do beget their ſhame.
But theſe are but the Comrades of the Devil,
Who call what's evil good, and what's good evil.
Some ſuch we have whoſe looks are very pale,
Who at your Royal Actions always raile;
And yet can hardly tell you what they aile,
They pine, and fret, look dull, and ſigh, and wrine,
And hate you cauſe you are the Royal Line;
They ſigh and mourn, and vex, and wiſh the Thames,
Might drown the moſt Illuſtrious Highborn *James*!
They do diſpiſe you, yet can give no reaſon,
Only they would be nibling at high Treaſon.
Fain would they ſee you fall before the Throne,
And make new *Noll* fancy the Crown his own.
They loath good Natur'd *Charls*, and their ſick,
For want of Rump, old *Oliver* and *Dick*.
What would theſe ſtubborn Rogues, theſe pious Ceaters
Give for the ſight of their old friends *Hugh Peters*,
Bradſhaw and *Ireton* and ſuch as thoſe;
That were the Martyr *Charls* his greateſt foes.
That they might here tread down our wholeſome Laws,
Under the ſham pretence o'th good old cauſe.
They would power all their goodneſs, and their Zeal,
In hopes to gain another common weale.
But hold, to keep us off from ſuch like fears,
Let's pluck them backwards by their Leather ears.
Let's keep them low, for if they riſe again,
They'l mount Heaven to pull down *Charls* his waine,
They will not leave a bird nor beaſt ith' Park
That can be found to have a Royal mark.

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No Royal bud nor blood ſhall thrive nor ſprout,
When they turn in, all theſe muſt ſoon turn out.
Inſteed of our Good-natur'd, King ſome Hector,
They'l rebaptize and call him Lord Protector.
Should but theſe Zealots this diſtruction ſee,
Then would they ſing Boyes, hey Boyes up go we.
But their old Whiggiſh game they ſhall not play,
Wee'l wiſh their rule the clear contrary way.
Wee'l give no Bodkins nor no ſilver ſpoons,
To Uſher in ſuch heavy cropear'd clowns.
They'l get no Thimbles now from *Sue* and *Doll*,
To pluck a King down for to ſet up *Noll*.
No, no, the Presbyterians may go hoop,
They'l ſee ſmall hopes of a new maiden Troop.
The burnt Child dreads the fire, they ſtrive in vaine,
Our purſes for their good old cauſe to drain
When they beat down our Libertyes and Laws,
And throw good Subjects to the Hangmans paws.
All this was done ſtill for the good old cauſe.
When *Charles* the firſt was brought unto the Block,
And when our peace they did in pieces Knock;
Still the Tub Preachers theſe accurſt Jack Dawes,
Cry'd out, it was even for the good old Cauſe.
Now let their good old Cauſe ſink down to Hell,
Where they that hatcht it firſt (I fear) do dwell.
Some good new Cauſe they would do well to ſhow
From whence our griefs and miſeries do flow,
For there's no doubt but every Whig doth know.
The only Cauſe I doubt muſt come from thoſe,
Who were in love with *Cromwels* mighty Noſe.
Our greif and ſorrow only ſprings from Faction,
So little wit doth cauſe too great diſtraction.
Pride, and Ambition ſeeks to overwhelm,
The very Pillers of this mighty Realm.
A Diſcontented and ill natur'd Whig,
Itches for ſomething, he would fain look big.
His very Actions for a change ſpeak loud,
Inſteed of *Juno* may he catch a cloud.
May Royal *James* thrive more the more he's curſt,
May the Whigs Poyſon in their bowels burſt.
Still when they Plot, then may they be betrayed,
By ſome half-Brother, called to their Aid.
May every Plot be fly-blown in a Minit,
That they may ſee the hand of *Pluto* in it.
And may we ſweetly ſit beneath our Vine,
Drinking Proſperity to the Royal Line.

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